

Children's Department.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

Three little words you often see
Are articles—a, an, and the.

A noun's the name of anything,
A school or garden, hoop or swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell of something to be done—
To read, count, sing, laugh, jump, or run.

How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill, or well.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, with or whether.

The preposition stands before
A noun, as in or through a door.

The interjection shows surprise,
As oh, how pretty, ah, how wise!

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

PURE IN HEART.

EMMA B. GNAGEY.

A little girl was asked what she desired most to possess. She replied, "a pure heart." When asked the reason she said, "If I could but get a pure heart, I should then possess all the other pure qualities."

That little girl was truly very wise. What the sun is to the opening rose bud, a pure heart is to those who wish to do right. As the little girl said, one who possesses a pure heart possesses all the other pure qualities. The words that jar, and make others as well as yourself unhappy would never be spoken if the heart were pure. The mind cannot be filled with good thoughts if the heart is not pure and clean. We must secure a clean heart, for "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

But no one but God can give us the pure heart. We must go to him for this great gift. If you have in your hands stones, you must first drop them before you can hold apples. So the heart cannot be made pure until you get rid of all that is impure. Remember that God prefers before all temples an upright and pure heart. Try to get rid of all that is impure and fill your heart with holiness. There is nothing more beautiful than a pure and clean heart. A heart where 'Jesus reigns alone.'

A LITTLE ARITHMETIC.

Come here, now, and let us play school. I will be the teacher. First class in arithmetic, stand up in order. Toe the mark! James, if a laborer pays twenty cents a day for two glasses of rum, or four glasses of beer how much will he spend in a year?

You don't know? Go to the foot of the class. Next. How much will he spend? Seventy-three dollars. Yes, that is right. How much in ten years? Seven hundred and thirty dollars. But there is interest to be added. When you study interest you will find that drink bill saved would run up to about one thousand dollars. A laborer would feel pretty rich with one thousand dollars in bank. He could buy a house and lot.

Now let us have another problem. Attention! There are thirteen million families in the United States, and the drink bill of the country is thirteen hundred millions. How much is that to each family? A hundred dollars. Good for you, Peter. You are prompt. Many families spend nothing on drink; many spend all they have. If every poor family could have one hundred dollars extra in good food or clothes, or in furniture or books, things would look better for a great many people. Don't you think so? Wake up, now, and get on your thinking caps. Here is a town of fourteen hundred people. One thousand are sober: how many drink? Four hundred. You are right there, James. In that town there is one saloon. The man who keeps it makes twenty thousand dollars. How much is that for each man? Fifty dollars. You see, each man may think a dollar a week is very little to spend in drink. But the many fifties make a big sum. Suppose the saloon men were driven out, and this twenty thousand dollars were turned into honest business of the town—what then, James? You think that would make things hum, do you? So do I. They would hum like a beehive with honest labor.

Now let us get on with this arithmetic lesson. If a man loses each week one day's wages because he is drunk, and his wages are \$1.25 a day, how much will he lose in a year? Sixty-five dollars. Good. Ten men will lose how much wages at that rate? Six hundred and fifty. If that much were evenly divided between the grocer, butcher, tailor, shoemaker and dry-goods man, how much better would the business of each be in a year? One hundred and thirty dollars. Peter, go to the head of the class. If one orphan boy can be fed, clothed, and cared for, for one hundred and fifty dollars a year, how many boys can be so provided for three thousand dollars? This is a hard question. Think it out. What is it, James? Twenty. Very good. Then a man who in drink and gambling uses three thousand dollars uses up money that would put twenty boys on the road to being honest successful men. This class may have recess.—Mrs. J. McNair Wright, from *Temperance Fourth Reader*.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

One of the most extraordinary mechanical wonders of the world is a clock built by a Russian Pole named Goldfadon. He was at work upon it two thousand days. The clock represents a railway station, with all its appointments and details carefully carried out. On the central tower is a dial which shows the time at New York, London, Warsaw, and Pekin. Every quarter of an hour the station begins to bustle, telegraph operators click their machines, the station master and his assistants appear, porters bustle about with luggage, and miniature train dashes out of a tunnel on one side of the platform. All the routine of a railway station is gone through, after which the train disappears into another tunnel, to reappear at the next quarter of an hour.—*The Sunday-School Visitor*.

ARMOR PLATED BOYS.

It is important in these days that America should have armor plated boys.

A boy needs to be ironclad on:

His lips—against the first taste of liquor.

His ears—against evil sentiments.

His hands—that they do nothing wrong.

His heart—against irreverence and doubt.

His feet—against going with bad company.

His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.

His pockets—against dishonest money.

His tongue—against impure words.

The Christian armor on her citizens gives more security to the nation than all the armor plate can on her ships.—*Set*.

DOUBTFUL SUCCESS.

Tommy's grandfather was a candidate for a public office, but was defeated. The day after election Tommy, who always knows the news of the day, came beaming into the kindergarten, saying: "Good morning, Miss Brown; my grandpa was elected all to pieces."—*Sunday-school Visitor*.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY J. S. F.

EVENING PRAYER (OLD.)

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take!

MORNING PRAYER (NEW.)

I thank Thee, Lord, for one day more
And Thee for all Thy love adore,
I pray Thee, Lord, throughout this day,
To keep me in Thy perfect way!

God gives all things to industry.